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Four excellent songs, viz.

[S.l.]

1794

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OCLC Number : 28398485
Call Number : W 381.52M C839d FOUR

Title : Four excellent songs, viz. The shepherd lad : to which are added, A new song to an old tune, Pretty Billy and smiling Nancy, Logie O'Buchan.

Imprint : [S.l. : s.n.], 1794.

Format : 8 p. ; 17 cm.

Note : Without music.

Note : Cover title.

Note : Title vignette.

Note : With: The Dartford edition of The adventures of the celebrated London linen-draper, John Gilpin and his family / [by William Cowper]. Dartford [England] : Dunkin and Co., 1849.

Subject : Songs, Scots. **Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish.**

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Camera Operator: AR

FOUR EXCELLENT

SONGS.

VIZ.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

To which are added,

A new Song to an old Tune.

PRETTY BILLY AND

SMILING NANCY.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Printed in the Year 1794.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

I.

AS I gaed down the water ſide,
there I met my ſhepherd lad,
He row'd me ſweetly in his plaid,
and ca'd me his dearie.

CHORUS.

Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

II.

Will ye gang down the water ſide,
an ſee the waves ſo ſweetly glide,
Beneath a hazel ſpreading wide,
the ſun it ſhines ſu clearly.

Ca' &c.

III.

I was bred up at nae ſic ſchool,
my ſhepherd lad to play the fool,
And a' the day to ſit in dool,
and nae body to ſee me.

Ca', &c.

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IV.

Ye ſal get gowns and ribbons meet,
caf-leather ſhoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'ſe lie and ſleep,
and ye ſall be my deary.

Ca' &c.

V.

If ye'll but ſtand to what ye've ſaid,
I'ſe gang wi' you my ſhepherd lad,
And you may row me in your plaid,
and I ſall be your deary.

Ca'. &c.

VI.

Wh[illegible] water's wimplé to the ſea,
[illegible] day blinks in the lift ſae high,
Till [illegible] cauld death fall blin' my e'e,
ye ſall be my deary.

Ca, &c.

A NEW SONG, TO AN OLD TUNE.

I.

A SHORT time ago,
A few days or ſo,
MARAT went to viſit the *Devil*;
And if you'll attend,
You'll find to a Friend,
Old Nick can behave very civil.

II.

Quoth the *Devil*, " What cheer?
" What the deuce brought you here?
" I ſuppoſe 'twas ſome whimſical maggot.
" Come, ſit by the fire;
" Nay, prithee come nigher,
" Here Sirrah, put on t'other faggot.

III.

" You're welcome to Hell;
" I hope all Friends are well
" At my favourite *Paris Convention*.
" How does good ROBERSPIERE?
" And the gallant BARRERE?
" Thoſe bold Authors of Civic Diſſention.

IV,

" Let us drink to their cauſe—
" Here's confuſion to Laws
" And an end to Religion and Reaſon:
" Come toſs off your glaſs,
" And let the Toaſt paſs—
" He that flinches is guilty of Treaſon."

V.

MARAT then replied,
" All jeſting aſide,
" Give MARAT and the *Devil* their dues—
" Take my word for't, old Lad,
" I ſhall make thy heart glad,
" For in faith I have brought thee great [news.

VI.

" There's a plot to beguile
" That obſtinate Iſle,
" *Great Britain* ſo famous in ſtory;
" There are engines in hand
" Which ſhe cannot withſtand,
" But which ſoon will extinguiſh her Glory

VII.

" While our Armies ſhe's beating,
" Conventions are meeting,
" *rights of Man Boys*, well tutor'd by PAINE,
" To new-model the State,
" And without more debate,
To blow up PRIESTLEY's Gunpowder Train.

VII.

" If they'll let them alone,
" They'll ſoon do for the Throne—
" While the Biſhops, the Lords and the Commons,
" Shall be blown up together,
" The Devil knows whither,
" Without either notice or ſummons.

IX.

" When the KING and his Son,
" And the Parliament's gone,
" And the People are left in the lurch,
" Things will take a new ſtation—
" *France* ſhall govern the Nation,
" And you ſhall be head of the Church."

X.

MARAT had juſt ended,
When the Imp who attended
Great JOURDAN *coup-tete* uſher'd in;
Who cried, "You're miſtaken,
"They've all fav'd their bacon,
"And your plot is not now worth a pin.

X.

"As I went to be hang'd,
"I heard we were bang'd,
"And that PITT had blown up the Con-
"Our Conſpiracy's hope [vention;
"Will have plenty of rope,
"But no ſhare of Poſt, Profit, or Penſion.

XI.

"The Sans Culotte Peers
"Are afraid of their ears,
"And our orators ſhrink at the notion;
"While JERVIS and GREY
"With our Iſles run away,
"And HOWE ſinks our Ships in the Ocean

XII.

With this *Satan* was ſtruck,
And cried, "'Tis ill luck——
"But you for your news ſhall be thanked.'
Then call'd at the door
ſix Devils, or more,
And toſſed the d——d Rogue in a blanket.

PRETTY BILLY & SMILING NANCY.

PRETTY Billy met his ſmiling Nancy'
down beneath yon ſhady grove
Theſe two kiſſeb for a fancy,
all their talk it was of love.

Cloſe in his arms he did infold her,
kiſs'd his love and thus did ſay,
O how can I live without you,
this poor loving lad did ſay.

Do not touch me nor come nigh me,
you have been with miſtreſs Kate;
O hark you love and I will tell you,
how you've have ſerved her of late.

Down in the field amongſt the ruſhes,
where you made her weep and cry;
Pox upon your modiſh bluſhes,
young men can flatter, ſcoff and lye.

Pretty Nancy ſit down by me,
and I will prove the beſt of men;
Pretty Nancy ſit down by me,
and I'll give the kiſſes ten.

Then if you pleaſe my charming creature,
upon my Bible I will ſwear,
Once I had my learning gained,
I will wed with you my dear.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN

O LOGIE o' Buchan! o' Logie the Laird!
has ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Who play'd on the pipe wi' the viol ſae ſma',
they ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'.

He ſaid, think na lang laſſie tho' I gang awa',
he ſaid, think na lang laſſie tho' I gang awa',
For ſummer is coming, cald winter's awa',
and I'll come and ſee you in ſpite o' them a'.

II.

Sandy has ouſen, has gear, and has kye,
a houſe and a hadden, and ſiller forby;
But I'd tak my ain lad wi, his ſtaff in his hand,
before I'd hae him wi' his houſes and land.
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

III.

My daddy looks ſulky, my mammy looks ſour,
they look down upon Jamie becauſe he is poor
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter ſhould do,
yet no ha'f ſo weel, my dear Jamie as you.
He ſaid, think na lang laſſie, &c.

IV.

I ſit on my creepie, and ſpin at my wheel,
and think on my laddie that lo'ed me ſae weel,
He had but ae ſixpence, he brak it in twa.
and he gied me the ha'f o't or he gaed awa'.

Then haſte you back Jamie, and bide not away',
then haſte you back Jamie, and bide not awa'
For ſummer is coming, cald wint's awa',
and ye'll come and ſee me in ſpite o' them a'.

FINIS.